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THE
S U L T A N,
OR A
PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO.

A
F A R C E,
IN TWO ACTS.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE.

Acted at the Theatres Royal in DRURY-LANE
and COVENT-GARDEN.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

[Price Six Pence.]



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following petite piece, which is taken from Marmontel, was originally acted at Dr. Lane's Theatre, in the year 1775. It had then the good fortune of having its principal character represented by that accomplished actress Mrs. Abington, who has since very frequently performed the same on Covent Garden Stage. A new candidate for fame having undertaken to appear in this very agreeable and lively part; and the piece being often called for; it has been thought proper to give the Public an opportunity of perusing in the closet what has so long delighted on the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY LANE. DRURY LANE. COVENT GARDEN.

M E N.

	1775.	1787.	1787.
SOLYMAN.	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Davies.
OSMYN.	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Dignum.	Mr. Fearon.

W O M E N.

ELMIRA.	Mrs. King.	Mrs. Cuyler.	Mrs. Inchbald.
ISMENA.	Mrs. Wrighten.	Miss Romanzini.	Mrs. Martyr.
ROXALANA.	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Jordan.	Mrs. Abington.

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THE
S U L T A N.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in the Seraglio; a Throne in manner of a Couch, with a Canopy, on the front of which is an Escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman Arms crowned with Feathers; in the Back scenes the Sultan's Door covered with a Curtain,*

Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.

OSMYN.

TELL me, what right have you to be discontented?

El. When first I came within these walls, I found myself a slave; and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death: my tears flowed incessantly: Solyman was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to my liberty, my parents, and my country.

Os. And yet when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

El. True; but his munificence, and above all the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconcil'd

concil'd me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attach'd him to me.

Os. Why then complain? You still possess his heart. Already you have been twice honour'd with the imperial handkerchief.

El. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determin'd, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

Os. I shall procure you an answer this morning—But, hark! the Sultan approaches. *[Exit Elmira.*

[The curtain is drawn, and the Sultan enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand March played.]

Sul. *Osmyn.*

Os. The humblest of your slaves attends.

[Bows to the ground.]

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Os. And of the seraglio too, Sir?

Sul. It even is so—and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustom'd to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures, which, though varied, appear insipid, thro' the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained,—Your voice used to charm me.

Osmyn sings.

Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,
And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,
But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,
Caressing each flower of the garden and grove.

Then still let your pleasure variety crown,
'Mongst the different beauties that rove up and down,
Court the charms of the fair, of the black, of the brown,
They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.

Sul. I have often told you I am not touch'd with mere caressing machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Os. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly in one object he procur'd you.

Sul. Who is that?

Os. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And truly she possesses all the charms that can adorn her Sex.

Os. You thought so once.

Sul. Once ! I think so still.

Os. Indeed !

Sul. Positively—why should you doubt it ?

Os. Your word is my law. But, Sir, there is matter I must acquaint you with : I cannot manage the *feraglio* ; and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here is quite ungovernable ; she is sure to do every thing she is forbid ; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh : besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shows them such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business—I will have them all agree—How do you call her ?

Os. Since she has been here, we have called her *Roxalana*.

Sul. Well—You must endeavour to bring her to reason.

Os. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness's feet then ?

Sul. Let her come—And, do you hear, *Osmy*n, go to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday, she that sings so well, and send her hither.

Os. I will most sublime Sultan. [*Exit Osmy*n.]

Enter Elmira. She kneels.

Sul. I know before-hand that you come to upbraid me—We have not met so often lately as our mutual inclinations wou'd have made agreeable ; but don't attribute that to coldness which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs—the business of the Divan has taken up so much of my time.

El. I don't presume to complain ; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. (*impatiently.*) Nay, dear Elmira, I have not the least doubt.

THE SULTAN.

El. How does my sovereign like this robe which I have put on, on purpose to please him?

Sul. Oh, (*yawning,*) Elmira, you love music—I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well;—if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

El. I want none when you are present;—your company suffices for every thing.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter Ismena.

Is. (*kneeling.*) Your slave attends your pleasure.

[*The Sultan makes a sign to the Eunuchs, who bring two stools, and beckon Elmira to sit.*

El. This is an honour I did not expect.

[*Taking her seat.*

Ismena sings.

Blest hero, who in peace and war
Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;
In peace the shafts of love you bear,
In war the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

[*While Ismena sings, Solyman takes Elmira's hand.*

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought that song did not so well express the effects of love—Madam, (*to Elmira*), we will hear her again—I never heard any thing so charming—her voice is exquisite—What do you think of her?

El. If she hears all this, 'twill make her vain—I cannot bear all this—I am ready to burst with indignation and anger.

[*Exit Elmira.*

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the Sultana's attendants, and by that means we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often—[*Turning, perceives Elmira gone.*—But where's the Sultana? I did not perceive she had left us—Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her.

[*Exit Ismena.*

Enter Osmyr.

Os. I come to tell your Highness, there is no bearing that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that——

Sul.

THE SULTAN.

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Sul. Why, what is't she does?

Of. She mimics me—nay, and mimics you too.

Sul. Pho, pho.

Of. Advice is lost upon her——When I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing—There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light——She seems indeed a singular character.

Of. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter Roxalana.

Sul. How now!

Rox. Well, heaven be prais'd, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, Sir, I suppose the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far as to drive from your presence that horrid ugly creature there: for he shocks my sight.—(*To Osmyn*)—Do you hear? Go.

Sul. (*gravely.*) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our Seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference—All in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence!—and obey! is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry—You must be vastly lov'd indeed, if you address women in that strain

Sul. Consider you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No indeed; you make me feel the difference severely—There reigns ease, content, and liberty; every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour for very good reasons; and it is for your good: there are very rigorous laws in the Seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Of. What does your Highness think now? Did I tell you the truth.

Rox.

Rox. Oh, whispering—What is it that monster says?—that what-do-you-call-him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful glaring eyes, as if he would devour us—Is this the confidante of your pleasures—the guardian of our chastity?—I must do him the justice to confess that if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't step one step but he is after us; by and by, I suppose, he will weigh out air and measure light to us; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us; and if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for.

Of. There now; don't she go on at a fine rate?

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me.—If you follow my counsel I shall make you an accomplish'd prince—I wish to make you belov'd—Let your window-bars be taken down—let the doors of the Seraglio be thrown open—let inclination alone keep your women within it; and instead of that ugly odious creature there, send a handsome smart young officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day.

[While she is speaking, Solyman admires her.]

Sul. (to *Ofmyn.*) Did you ever see so expressive a countenance—(To *Rox.*) Have you any more to say?

Rox. Yes, Sir, this—To desire you will not mind him, but attend to me—Men were not born to advise—the thing is expressly the contrary—We women have certainly ten thousand times more sense—Men, indeed!—Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation—Now, Sir, farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may perhaps be tempted to give you another. [Exit.]

Of. Did you ever hear the like, Sir?—Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Of. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the Seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl—a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse—Go after her, *Ofmyn*, bid her come back and drink therbet with me.

Of.

Os. Sherbet with you, Sir?

Sul. I have said it—(*Goes on the throne, takes a pipe.*) Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner—(*Smokes.*)—And the more I think of it, my astonishment is the greater—She's not handsome, that is, what is call'd a beauty; yet her little nose, cock'd in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect all together—Elmira has something more soft and more majestic—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else—It is the first time we have seen in this place a spirit of caprice and independence—I'll try at least what she'll say to me farther—There can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter Osmyrn.

Os. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Deliver'd my message! Where's Roxalana?

Os. In her chamber, where she has lock'd herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber—What did she say?

Os. Treasure of Light, said I—through the key-hole, —I come from the Sublime Sultan to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and desire you will come and drink sherbet with him. She answer'd through the key-hole, Go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet.

Sul. In effect, Osmyrn, the fault is yours;—you took your time ill, as you commonly do—You should have waited some time—don't you owe her respect?

Os. And after this, wou'd you have her come again?

Sul. Perhaps I would.

Os. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, Osmyrn? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana. [*Curtain moves.*]

Os. Who is it that meddles with the great curtain?

Sul. Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. (*coming from behind.*) 'Tis I.

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Os. Ay, how dare you?—Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul.

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the Seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon—I am afraid he has disturb'd you now.

Rox. Oh, it is only what I expected—You Turks are not reckoned very polite—In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here I find—

[*Sultan offers her the pipe, she strikes it down.*
What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this!—Does your insolence go so far?

Of. What do you command, Sir?

Sul. Silence!

Rox. What! angry before a woman!—I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffer'd—and yet there's something so foolish in it too—Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you.

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I am.

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I wou'd for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future?—Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things;—I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow us'd to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love too; for 'tis in my country love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet even there, a husband belov'd is next to a prodigy.—If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth:—and do you know why you dislike to hear it?—because it is a language your ears are unaccustom'd to—But I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it—Happy would it be for every prince, had they a friend near them to tell them the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect!—that would be worse still.

Sul.

Sul. Indeed!

Rox. Oh, your notions are horrid—I shall correct you.

Sul. Correct me!—In what, pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal, sure!—But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeas'd with me.—I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who I am, and who you are! Yes, Sir, I do consider very well that you are the Grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the Seraglio agreeable to you—if I study to make you happy, might you not in your turn try to deserve my favour.

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it.

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers me—

Rox. Don't believe it—I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never—caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. *Rox.* In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and in the mean time you shall sup with me.

Rox. No—I beg to be excus'd—I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought!—Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable—But to be in good humour, Sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things that I can't—indeed, Sir.

Sul.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said ; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me ; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so—Osmyn !

Enter Osmyn.

Sul. Osmyn—

Rox. Osmyn, I say, hear my directions—You know I am to speak—Go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Os. Did your Highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for ? Do as she bids you.

[Exit Osmyn bowing.]

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation ; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplish'd favourite you love so well ; her company must be agreeable ; and the Persian slave Ismena, who I am told sings enchantingly—and whom you love a little.

Sul. Yes—but—

Rox. I understand you—you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary—we'll be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tête-a-tête would be a great pleasure, to be sure !—oh no.

Sul. I promise you I expect it.

Enter Osmyn.

Os. Madam, your orders are obey'd.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear ?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there—What's that you say ?—you know I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go.

Rox. Stay, I say ; I have some business with you.

Sul. Stay !—Certainly there never was any thing half so pleasant as this creature. *[Exit.]*

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them

them to come and dine with the Sultan.—If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it—And, do you hear, don't let them know you came from me with this invitation.—Take care of your head. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Banquet, &c.

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. **A**Y, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Hey-day! what have we got here?—Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? Let me die but I believe it is their dinner. What, do they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers?—Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians.—And, d'ye hear, lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. [*Mutes lift up their hands.*] Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had.—If there is none here, go to the Mufty; he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, I warrant him: let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them. (*Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.*) Oh, here come some of my guests—I'll hide. [*Goes aside.*]

Enter Elmira and Osmyn.

El. It is impossible—A pretty thing, truly, she is to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Os. I tell you, her ascendancy over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

El. Well, Osmyn, be my friend: and here take this jacket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me.

[*Roxalana appears.*]

Os.

Of. Death and hell! we are deceived.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Rox. Take this locket, *Ofmyn*, and be sure you speak ill of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Infipid pleasantry! Know this, however, *Madam*, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and as such will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket.—Holloa! who waits there?

Enter Ofmyn.

Go tell the Grand Signior to come here.

Of. I will, *Madam*—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me.

Rox. Go. [*Exit Ofmyn.*] *Elmira*, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore make the best use you can of the opportunity.

El. Is it possible!

Enter Sultan on one side; Ismena and Ofmyn on the other.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? *Ismena* and *Elmira* too!

Rox. What is the matter, *Sir*?

Sul. I thought you wou'd have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had.—Come, salute the ladies—(*he bows.*) A little lower, (*she stoops his head:*) There now. Ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

El. Indeed, *Roxalana*, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone, she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated—I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw any thing like it before.

Rox. Where should you?—Come—[*Enter Carver with a long knife.*] Who is that? what does that horrid fellow want?

Of. It is the grand carver:

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads—Pray, *Mr. Carver*, be so good as to carve yourself away. Come, *Ismena*, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours.—(*To the Carver.*) We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!—

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine. Bring it here, Osmyn.

Of. Must I touch the horrible potion! (*Takes the bottle between the skirts of his robe.*) There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle.—Here, drink.

Of. I drink the hellish beverage!—I who am a true believer, a rigid Mussulman!

Rox. (*To the Sultan.*) Sir, he disobeys me.

Sul. Drink as you are ordered.

Of. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor—
Oh! Mahomet, shut thy eyes—'Tis done—I have obey'd.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass there.—Elmira, fill yours and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, Sir? why shou'd we dispense with you? Oh, I understand you—perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you—I will soon turn them off.—Gentlemen, you may go; we shall have no occasion for you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little—if you don't talk, you must sing.—Ismena, oblige us with a song.—(*After the song.*)
Come, Sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. (*Drinks.*)

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. (*aside.*) How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments of her rivals! but in every thing she is my superior.—I can rest no longer.

[*Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.*]

Rox. To me! Oh, no—Ismena, 'tis yours; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song.

[*Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.*]

El. (*Faints.*) Oh!

Sul. (*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to Elmira.*) Elmira! 'tis your's—look up, Elmira.

B

El.

El. Oh, Sir! (*Recovering*).

Sul. (*to Roxalana*.) For you, out of my sight, audacious! Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. (*Exit Roxalana, guarded.*) But she shall be punished, Madam, and you sufficiently reveng'd.

El. I do not wish it; in your love all my desires are accomplish'd.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely. Go, order her to be brought hither.

El. What is your design, Sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I was going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

El. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently.—Let her be brought hither, I say.

O. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter—fetch her as she is; and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubled in her sight.

El. Is that necessary, Sir?

Sul. Oh, it will gall her—I know it will gall her.—We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are with what we might have been.

El. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature—her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent—

El. There's an end on't,—if you justify her.—[*Proudly.*

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convinc'd I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Enter Roxalana.

Here she comes—she's in affliction; and her left-hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. (*To Roxalana*) Approach—Elmira, have you determin'd how you will dispose of her?

El.

El. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think that so unworthy an object shou'd have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am now yours for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray forgive me: I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond bearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and anybody may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Whom do I love then?

Rox. Me

Sul. You are the object of my anger,

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend: but, with your Highness's permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence.

[Going.]

Sul. No, you shan't go—Elmira, do you withdraw—*(Exit Elmira.)* Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself—What, despise my favours, insult my condescension!—Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly!—Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber, that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person?—No, Sir, let it never be said that the great Solyman meanly triumphed over the person of the slave whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart while you teach me my duty?

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your friend.

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me then, by what title am I to govern here?

Sul. By what title? I don't understand you—Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling. I see, I know you love me.

Rox. As Solyman I do, but not as emperor of the Turks—nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, at whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul. If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by our holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you my queen.

Rox. That's a poor excuse.—Had the man I lov'd but a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him; would sooth his vexations, and soften his cares: but, were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or he has no love for me.

Sul. Or if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed! No, Sir!—Your wife, or humble servant—My resolution is fix'd—fix yours.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic sometimes on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The musti, the vizirs, and the agas—

Rox. Are your slaves—Set them a good example.

Sul. Besides, what would the people say?

Rox. The people!—are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admir'd—she would be ador'd—she'd be like the queen of the country from where I came.

Sul. It is enough—my scruples are at an end—my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the lights of your superior reason—My love is no longer a foible—you are worthy of empire.

Enter

Enter Osmyn.

Os. Most Sublime Sultan—the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case?—Let then the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty—let the gates of the Seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank. *[Exit Osmyn.]*

Osmyn returns.

Os. Sir, the dwarfs and botanges, your Highness had ordered, attend.

Sul. Let them come in—This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrival'd partner of our diadem.

Os. There's an end of my office—Who would have thought, that a little cock'd-up nose would have overturn'd the customs of a mighty empire!

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe by thy exaltation the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which evinces, that

The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,
Thro' Nature's glass looks all the world around;
Would all that's beautiful together join,
And find perfection in a mind like thine.

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON, after performing *Roxana*,
at the Theatre-Royal, Crow-Street, Dublin,
1778.

LORD, how I tremble! every atom shaking.
What! speak an Epilogue of my own making!
A task for me—presumptuous and absurd—
But I have promis'd, and must keep my word.
Yes, I did promise, with a solemn face,
To address my patrons here, and sue for grace;
For your past favours had so warm'd my heart,
I thought to tell them needed little art.
How vain the thought! for pondering day and night,
I found, though I might speak, I cou'd not write.
Distress'd, to Garrick then I fly for aid:
You can assist me, Sir, for wit's your trade.
When of your epilogues I speak a line,
Each side-box cries, Oh charming, vastly fine,
Its quite delightful, monstrously divine!
The pit, alive to every comic stroke,
With laughter loud anticipates the joke:
All but the modern fop, to feeling dead,
With heart of adamant and brains of lead,
Languid and lifeless, lolling, yawns, takes snuff;
And cries, As gad's my judge 'tis flimsy stuff.
Heaven knows I monstrously abhor a play,
It's a vile bore——what dragg'd me here to-day?
Dear lady Mary, how can you attend?
Will Garrick's nonsense never have an end?
Not so, Sir Mac, who just has cross'd the Tweed,
Cries, Vary weel, ridiculous indeed!
The cheeld has parts; ah, he'd been muckle keen,
If bred at Glasgow, or at Aberdeen!
Sir Paddy says, "My jewel, that's mighty pretty:
"Faith Garrick, you were once in Dublin city;
"In sweet Smock-alley, you have cut a figure,
"Oh, you'd be great were you a little bigger."
Thus nations, parties, all in this agree:
And humour's palm, oh Garrick! yield to thee:
Then, good Sir, scribble something new for me.

To

EPILOGUE.

*To Garrick thus in flattering strains I sue,
But all in vain, nor prayers nor flattery do.
Since thus obdurate, all their aid refuse,
I, a mere novice, must invoke the Muse.
Oh would immortal Shakespear's muse of fire,
Heave in my breast, each kindling thought inspire;
Or cou'd I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Or chant such songs as raptur'd Seraphs sing;
To you, my kind protectors, wou'd I raise
My fullest, loudest, warmest notes of praise:
The great, the brave, the fair, who now appear
In bright array to grace this circle here,
My Muse to late stages should proclaim,
Their worth record, and consecrate their fame;
While gratitude on rapturous pinions soars,
And echoes loud the virtues she adores.*

